

Editorial

1/2/69 Jim Garrison, Bill Boxley, Some Critics And The Perrin Rich Case

Why was Bill Boxley fired as Jim Garrison's special investigator on the eve of the Supreme Court's announcement that Clay Shaw must stand trial in New Orleans District Court?

Garrison himself announced tersely that not only is Boxley a CIA agent, but one on a very high level. His announcement came after a task force of Eastern critics of the Warren Report made what they described as an "emergency" visit to Garrison to insist upon Boxley's dismissal on grounds that he was a CIA "plant" in the office to discredit Garrison by diverting the investigation from credible channels.

We have only Boxley's word that he has not belonged to the CIA or any other government agency since 1953. He told Garrison when he applied for the job 20 months ago that he had worked for the CIA in the early '50s. He has always been most frank about this phase of his life.

We don't know what evidence against Boxley that critics Vincent Salandria, Harold Weisberg and Bernard Fensterwald took with them to the Crescent City. They have since claimed that Boxley's guilt was apparent from their analysis of reports he had submitted to Garrison in November on a segment of the Warren Report which had never been givenly inspected by Warren. Boxley told Rich that she and her late husband, Robert Perrin, had met with a mysterious colonel in a Dallas apartment house in 1961. According to Nancy, at that meeting the colonel had sought to recruit them to run guns to Castro. Although she was vague about her late husband, she pointedly assured the Commission that his arsenic death in New Orleans on August 28, 1962, had been ruled by the coroner's office a "suicide."

She lent credibility to her testimony by insisting over Commission Counsel Hubert's efforts to stop her that she had been a prostitute at Perrin's insistence, and that Perrin had worked only when she worked - i. e., had earned money from her prostitution.

Boxley spent almost three months digging deeply into Perrin's life and death. He found that Perrin, for months before and up to the night of his death, had been a very respected and admired mechanic in New Orleans—not by any means the pimp his wife had made him to the Warren Commission. Boxley discovered that the homicide investigator for the New Orleans Police Department, Sgt. Connie Drumm, had been very suspicious of circumstances surrounding Perrin's death and recommended additional investigation. Apparently this further investigation had not been made before the New Orleans Coroner's office hurriedly closed out the death as a suicide.

Nancy Perrin, hastening back to Maine with the body, went into more than \$1000 debt to bury the husband for whom she later told the Warren Commission she had felt at his death only a great sense of relief. The Veterans Administration would have buried him in a national cemetery free of charge.

But, Boxley found, she returned immediately to New Orleans and soon moved into an apartment where she began a close friendship with an employee of Schlumberger Co.* About this time she was employed by a mysterious firm whose incorporators were described to Boxley in New Orleans as the attorneys for a foreign intelligence network. *See "Forgive My Grief" Vol. II, p. 129. This is the company from whose bunker Garrison charges munitions were taken by both Gordon Novel and Sergio Arcacha Smith to

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In Dallas Boxley found the mysterious Eddie Brawner whom Nancy had told the Warren Commission was one of Robert Perrin's closest friends. (Instead of interviewing Brawner, the FBI had sprinted 1500 miles in the opposite direction to interview an Atlanta federal prisoner named "Broader" whom they implied must have been the "Brawner" Nancy had mentioned.)

She also mentioned a friend of Perrin's named "Youngblood" and Warren critics have argued ever since whether it could have been Secret Service Agent RUFUS Youngblood or then CIA-type-pilot-Cuban-soldier-of-fortune, JACK Youngblood.

Brawner scared Boxley to the REAL Youngblood—and he is neither of the two the critics have been debating about.

From Brawner and the real Youngblood, Boxley discovered an entirely new identity for Robert Perrin—one to which Nancy Perrin had eluded by saying Perrin "wrote" under the name of Jack Starr, and they had used the name of Starr for negotiating with the mysterious colonel.

Boxley, however, documented the fact that Perrin worked for years under the name of Jack Starr with a separate social security number. He was Perrin in some segments of his life and Starr in others. (Or were there TWO men alternating between the identities of Starr and Perrin?)

At one place where Starr worked in Dallas a friend had sought to arrange employment for Lee Harvey Oswald upon the latter's return from Russia.

One of "Starr's" two references for employment in Dallas was Lucas Farms of Mesquite, owned by the family that owns the restaurant next to Jack Ruby Vegas Club where Jack and Larry Crafard met and Ruby visited incessantly.

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You have this editor's word that there is an agent of the FBI named Youngblood whom the critics have missed.

We say this for we went personally with Boxley to New Orleans and we found those witnesses and we heard what they told. Another writer, Joel Palmer, accompanied all of Boxley's New Orleans interviews covering the Perrin case.

We heard Youngblood tell Boxley that the FBI had sought him with no difficulty—when they wanted him. In the fall of 1966 the FBI was mopping up anything that remained in police files and witnesses' memories to counter check by Mark Lane's just published RUSH TO JUDGMENT.

The agency found the real Youngblood then arranged to tell this editor and Boxley together that the FBI showed him a picture of a man the agency claimed was known as "Gimpy." The FBI agent said "Gimpy" had been a friend of Starr/Perrin, and inquired if Youngblood had ever seen him with Starr/Perrin.

Youngblood said he assured the FBI agent he had never seen "Gimpy" or Starr/Perrin either, for that matter. "Oh, didn't you know," the FBI agent said, "he is dead and buried in Kansas City."

That's a long way from New Orleans, where Perrin was adjudged by the Coroner's office to have taken a fatal dose of arsenic—and farther still from Biddeford, Maine, where Nancy Perrin rushed the body of the man "turned her out" as a whore.

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